

1st. [1] 33
Capt. Vrats's Ghost

TO

Count Coningsmark,

BY A WESTERN GENTLEMAN.

~~18. March. 1802~~
WHat's this disturbs my Quiet, and my Sleep,
And doth such Rustling of the Curtains keep?
Ah Captain! What? my dear Vrats's Ghost,
Who for my sake, Life, Fame, and Credit Lost;
And yet, none could of his Discovery boast? }

Curst Man! Behold the Wretch, who for thy Cause,
Against Religion, Justice, and the Laws,
In Treach'rous Counsels did himself engage,
And basely Murder'd, where he knew no Rage.
What? Though Men bel'd may be, do'st fondly Hope
Vengeance to scape? No more than I the Rope.
From Stygian Lake I come, thy Doom to Tell;
What Furies in thy Breast shall ever dwell;
What Tortures in thy Mind, what raging Hell
Of Torment, and Despair, both Day and Night
Thou still shalt bear about. No Joy, Delight,
Nor Peace expect; in Court, in Camp, in Field,
Alone, in Company; think nought shall shield
Thee from the constant haunt of each Man's Ghost,
Who by thy Means, or for Thee, Life has lost.
Not One, or Two bold Actions in the Wars,
Nor Souldiers Wounds, nor yet Ten Thousand Scars
Shall e're wipe off this Blot, this Infamy,
Which thus thy Scarlet, with a deeper Dye
Hath stain'd; the War-like Trophies of thy Fame,
Thy Stock, thy much before Reputed Name.
Who was't thus basely brought unto his End
The Loyal Monmouth's Wealthy Western Friend?
When Men shall ask; His Blood shall upwards Mount,
And cry, the Treach'rous Wiles of Northern Count.
As through the Abbey wondring strangers pass,
To view the Fabrick, Tombs, and painted Glafs;
When the Great Thynn's Rich Monumental Shrine
(Which, like the Moon, 'mong lesser Stars doth Shine,)
Containing Sacred Relicks, Dust Divine;
They see, and by the Epitaph certifie'd,
How that by Murder he untimely dye'd:
Desire to know, who was the Cause; the Clarke
With Truth shall soon reply, Count Coningsmark.
How hated wilt thou be, abhor'd thy Name,
When in the everlasting Leaves of Fame
Posterity shall read, and after-Ages,
Instructed from the Pens of Learned Sages,

Shall

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Shall understand, this *Rich, Young, English Spark*
 Dy'd by the Trains of a False *Coningsmark*?
False Wretch! What, though *Great Thynn's* much greater Soul
 Be Mounted far above the Starry Pole,
 And his dead Corps secur'd lies under Ground?
 Think not to scape the Furies thee surround,
 The Cry, the Crime, the Stain, the Blot, the Guilt
 Of his warm Blood for thee most basely spilt.
 When thou *Vrass's* Balmed Corps shalt see,
 Think how he suffer'd, and how dy'd for Thee:
 But also think, 'twas thy base Treach'rous Deed,
 That caus'd his Death, as *Thynn* before to Bleed.
 If I a Souldier *W*, and Dog-like dy'd,
 Know, that it was to foster up thy Pride.
 Had not Revenge, or rather cruel Rage,
 For a *defeated March*, made thee Ingage
 In a Design, to take thy *Rival's* Life,
 By cow'rdly means, in hopes of his *Rich Wife*;
 In Life, in Death a Valiant Souldiers Fame
 I might have had; but now a Murth'rer's Name.
 My Fury therefore now expect to feel,
 And deeper Wounds, than made by sharpest Steel
Vrass's Ghost shall dog thee up and down,
 And haunt thee from this City to that Town.
 Hope not thy *Captain* will be brib'd agen;
 His Ghost now Thee must vex, not other Men.
 'Tis now Resolv'd. Revenge to take, he aims,
 For *Thynn's* Blood, Venge'nce, and his own, he claims.
 Rouze up thy self. Do'it not thou yonder see,
 How *Sterne's* Pale Ghost, enraged, looks on Thee?
 Must his Blood unreveng'd be, who, deceiv'd
 By me, for thee a Murd'ers Doom receiv'd?
 Poor Ignorant *Borisy's* angry Ghost,
 See with what Rage it comes thee to accost?
 Must He that Fatal Shot for ever rue,
 His Corps in Chains be hung to all Men's view
 And *Spee's* made to *Forreigners* for you?
 Hail, hail, ye angry Ghosts; come on apace,
 Let's take our full Revenge now in this place:
 Our Deaths, as well as *Thynn's*, for Venge'nce cry:
 Wee'l not bear all the crime, nor Infamy;
 He was the Cause, and therefore 'tis but due,
 He bear a part, a share, with *Me* and *Tou*.
 What, though Discharg'd from *England* he be Fled?
 His Guilt is ne'r the less for the Blood shed.
 We might, (had not he prompted) to this Time
 Have liv'd; Let's punish then in Him the Crime.
 Hast then ye Furies, all your Tortures bring,
 Your Snakes, your Racks, each Scorpi'n's lasting Sting.
 "Come on *Alecto*, with thy *Flaming Whip*,
 And firk the *Counts* young Hide: Thus make him Skip.
 So cried the Ghost. The *Count* lifts up his Head,
 Amaz'd, with Fury leaps out of his Bed,
 And calls for Light: 'Twas brought: The Ghost strait Fled.

F I N I S.